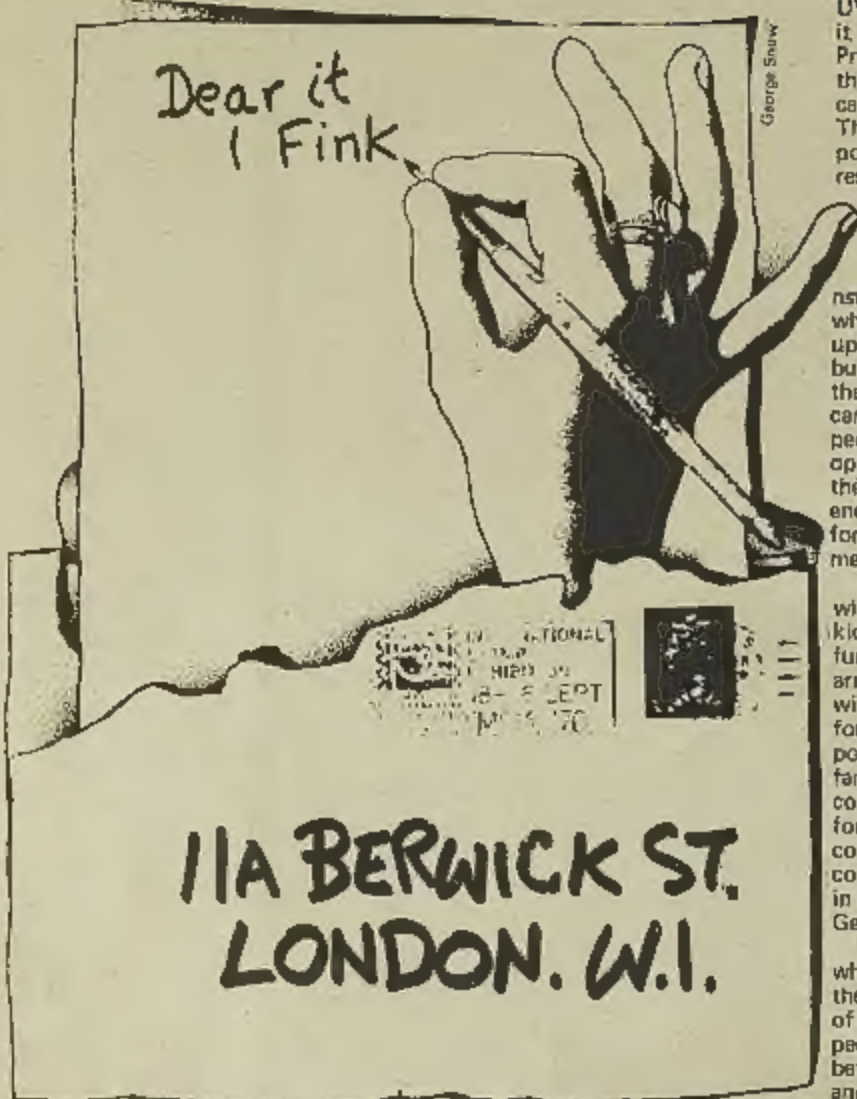


it



IT 121 JANUARY 13-27 151





11A BERWICK ST.
LONDON. W.1.

UVF they are frightened of. Doesn't it seem odd that there are now Protestants interned. Faced with this and no jobs or houses for them can you blame them for fighting? They have tried everything they possibly could, violence is a last resort. After the civil rights demo-

nstrations in the bogside in 1968 when the B specials who now make up the UVF shot four people and burnt dozens of families out, it was then the army were called in but came under the control of the same people who were causing the oppression in the first place so the Catholics now have another enemy who are only another tool for Faulkner and his fascist government.

The Catholics have to put up with the army searches when they kick the doors open, smash up furniture and fire places looking for arms (which they usually bring with them anyway as they have found ten times more than the IRA possess), and take anything they fancy. And as far as Catholics are concerned the British troops are foreign soldiers occupying their country and remember, no one condemned the French resistance in the last war, except maybe the Germans.

The last thing I have to say is why don't the alternative press do their job and report the other side of N.Ireland apart from that will people reading this now think before they believe the television and the papers.

Lots of love and peace,
Alan Wadforth, 17 Glenfield
Road, Balham, SW12.

Dear IT,

I am writing this letter to let any freaks who read the article on "Psychedelic Fascism" IT/120 know that it ain't a load of old bullshit. I was involved with a "black" magic cult in Spain several years ago and after I left they gave me two years of hell and several nervous breakdowns. Dead kittens and pigeons in the post tend to fuck one's head up a little.

Once upon a time I had a friend called Andre and he went to The Process in London. We ain't seen him since except that his mother rang me to say that he was in a bin somewhere or other. !?

When in Spain drugs and hypnosis were used and various forms of mind bending games played. After I left (when someone killed himself) blackmail was also used in a mild way. I give this warning in all good faith, don't get mixed up with the death cult people, unless of course you want to die.

I can't sign my name for fear of mind fucks again, but I will phone you so that you know I'm not faking. Love.

High there!

In reply to Brother Emmanuel (pass me a bomb, I can't help it, I'm tripping) Goldstein of damp pad, Cheltenham, I, as a local, loveable, furry freak dope dealer would like to gently reproach him for his opinion of our profession.

Fuckpig.

Charge 1. The deals are too small. I do not admit they are and if they are this is because silly revolutionary bastards keep telling people to rip us off and public spirited shit-house rats keep grassing us up; so we lose the dope or the bread or both, and say "never

mind lads, who do we know who'll lend us the bread for Xoz, 'till we get it together again?"

Charge 2. We make huge profits. Go back to sleep.

And once again it's opportunity knocks for Brother Goldstein. Yes, we do have a stereo on HP after seventeen attempts to make one out of an orange box, we all agreed the system had us beaten.

Also Brother Goldstein, as one psychiatrist to another, I can safely say without fear of contradiction that we are the most holy, loved, adored, praised, worshipped, idolised, wonderful, fantastic, psychedelically incredible beautiful farout and in group of (stand back and gimme room, the vibrations are too fucking much) mirror-men that God has, with our help, placed in this starship. And if bombs and guns are still your scene then get in line? All power to those who don't need it.

Buy all your hallucagenics from Dopey Dealers Ltd (there's a branch in your town) and remember folksbuy, buy, buy. And in the words of our exalted, most gracious and noble friend, Timothy, I raise my glass of acid and say, "Our only hope is dope."

Mirror Man, Stockton on Tees.
(name withheld because our local pork burgers are after me with a parking ticket for the rolls).



STANLEY

Dear IT

I want to tell you about an organisation, of which I am a reluctant member, so that desperate heads who turn to it for employment, as a last resort, will know what to expect.

This organisation is called Manpower and has its local office at Bayswater Road. This is an organisation which exploits our labour in the most blatant and unloving way. And we can't fight back because we need the bread. They charge employers about £1.1 per hour for my labour and give me about half of this. This may sound OK as far as bread in pocket goes, but most jobs are in the suburbs and it often takes an hour or two to travel there and the same to get home. Because of this we are often out for 12 hours per day and all for about £15 a week. Love, exploited.

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Dear IT:

First point—your magazine isn't worth 15p. 10p was OK but you can't justify a 50% price increase. I can just imagine the consumer reaction if the Mirror tried to raise their price by 50%. The people who need IT most can't afford three bob for a copy.

Second point—if you are gonna rip us off at 15p a time, for fuck's sake print your mag legibly. I refer, for instance, to pages 14 and 15 in IT/120. I'm shit sick of u/g mags like IT and OZ superimposing "far out" designs on their printed pages—so that you can't see the picture and you can't read the print. IT is a vital communications medium so please make damn sure we can read what you print.

Third point—we want more "regional news." It may surprise you to realize that about 80% of the population live outside London, and many do not have a regular local mag of their own. On one hand you recognize this need by distributing nationwide, but on the other your news pages are full of life in Notting Hill Gate—and hardly anywhere else. All right, so us millions of country cousins don't live in Viet Grove with all you furry freaks, but we buy your fuckin' mag so we want nationwide news coverage. Maybe the need is for UPS—UK to get more together.

Your mag's not all bad really—apart from the price. This week's issue (IT/120) is pretty bad but I'll accept the "Xmas delay" excuse—so long as the next ish is better.

Sorry if this letter sounds too angry but writing it helps me pass the time. If I hear any good jokes about Leeds police, I'll send you them.

Luv, Steve A, West Riding Pig-fuckers, Eldon Chapter, Leeds LS8

Dear Steve, thanks a lot, these things need saying. We're sorry too

'bout the price rise, but can only say that it has been followed by Ink, and that OZ is going up soon. It was the first rise for about 2½ years. Re: your request for more regional news—we need more regional contacts. Anyone reading this mag is entitled to contribute to it and we should be very pleased if more people wrote to/for IT on regional topics/news—contact Paul Lewis at the office.

Hello IT,

Reading one of your recent issues I was surprised to read some letters from so called turned on people about the IRA—they have been brain washed the same as the rest of the British people. I am English and was over in Ulster at Christmas and what I saw nearly made me cry. As the IRA, being a set of mad bombers, are the sole protectors of the Catholic population from the Army, and UVF, of whom no body in England has heard off cos Mr. Faulkner and Maudling and British press and television deny their existence so there is no need to report them. Yet every hundred yards or so down the Shankil a hundred per cent Protestant area, the letters UVF are painted on the wall a foot high.

Both sides have vigilantes that patrol their areas if the Catholic ones are seen by the army they are detained, beaten up and possibly interned, in the Protestant areas they have wooden and barbed wire barriers they pull across the streets at night and huts to sit in and the army don't say a thing if the Catholics build barricades the army move in to kill.

Do people here really believe that the IRA would blow up McGurks bar and kill 15 people all Catholics and shoot Catholics in the street? Do they really think that the Catholics are terrorised by the IRA can't they see it's the army and the

ROCK'N'REVOLUTION AND THE FREEING OF JOHN SINCLAIR

John Sinclair is free. His release on 13 December came after he'd served two years 4 months of a 10 year sentence for possessing two joints.

In freeing John, the Michigan Court reversed their decision of five weeks earlier not to grant John bail pending appeal. Their ruling came three days after a massive free Sinclair concert at the University of Michigan. Tickets were sold out only two hours after the Rainbow Peoples' Party (formerly the White Panthers) told the press that John Lennon and Yoko Ono would be appearing with other movement leaders and rock bands.

The rally was the biggest event so far in a campaign that began shortly after 28 July 1969 when Judge Robert Colombo sentenced John to 10 years for giving two joints to a couple of undercover agents who begged him for some grass.

Two days before the rally, the Michigan State Legislature passed a new drug law under which the possession of marijuana would be classified as a misdemeanor with a maximum sentence of one year in jail.

Referring to the bill's passage, Lani Sinclair said, "We can't help but take some credit for ourselves, because we started working for the lessening of marijuana penalties back in 1966."

The new law does not provide for the automatic commutation of lengthy sentences dating back to the old law. Yet faced with the reality of a highly successful rally of 15,000 young people applauding the hell out of National movement figures whenever they mentioned the word "revolution", the seven justices of the Michigan Supreme Court drafted their own escape route. They didn't want to see the size of the next revolution-and-rock rally. (L.N.S.)

ANGRY BRIGADE: MORE VICTORIES

Committal proceedings against the Stoke Newington 10 started with two more of the Angry Brigade "conspirators" being freed.

Pauline Conroy and Chris Allen were released last week after the Attorney-General announced he was not granting consent for proceedings to continue against them "at this stage." The phrase "at this stage" was emphasised.

Chris had been in jail since 16 November and Pauline had been on 20,200 pounds bail.

Lord Gifford, asking for an order preventing police "harassment" of Pauline, was told by a magistrate, Harold Beaumont, that his application was "thoroughly ill-conceived."

The release of Pauline and Chris follows the "not guilty" verdict on Ian Purdie at the Old Bailey. Ian has now been given bail on his cheque fraud charges on condition that he lives with his mother and reports to the pig station twice a day.

The hearing continues against Jim Greenfield, Anna Mendelson, John Barker, Hilary Creek, Stuart Christie, Chris Bott, Angela Weir and Kate McLean, accused of "conspiring together with Jake Prescott and others unknown between 1 January 1968 and 20 August 1971 to cause explosions likely to endanger life or cause serious injury to property."

WACKY WORTHING WORKOUTS

After years of suffering the unenviable reputation of being the largest old folks' home in England, Worthing finally tasted da revolution in Christmas

activities which so far have led to ten arrests. Here's how it went:

Christmas Eve saw all the freaks in the Thieve's Kitchen, local pub/mandyng/dinking and generally making merry. Too merry by half thought the publican who closed the pub at 10.30 and got the fuzz to push everyone into the street. Cars got their windcreens smashed and tyres cut, helmets flew in all directions and policemen got beat about the head. Out of the 130 freaks there, they managed to get seven who were taken to the station. A great crowd followed them and about £100 worth of damage was caused to a Pandacar standing outside the nick. All the people arrested spent the rest of the night in the cells and were bailed the next morning on charges ranging from assault to obstruction. This, as it turned out, was only the beginning.

During the following week several anonymous phone calls threatened to blow the police station sky high. The Worthing pigs were getting really paranoid by this time and they reacted—and how.

The afternoon of New Years Eve they made three simultaneous house raids with warrants made out under the Explosives Act. Adrian Francis was arrested and charged with conspiring to cause explosions. Al Smith's House was raided by two armed Special Branch and about 30 fuzz who combed the whole house, prodded the garden with long sticks and took away an Angry Brigade badge, a candlemaking kit, (which they said was used for making bombs) and other subversive items. Al was taken and arrested and is to be charged on 20 January; Ian Grant's house was also searched thoroughly—they even looked up the chimney for dynamite when there was a fire burning in the grate!

Nothing was found in any of the raids and Al and Adrian are now out on bail. That night the whole police station was barricaded and surrounded, two searchlights were positioned on the roof. The only explosives were an army thunderflash and two smoke bombs.

As well as all the people already mentioned, there are eight people on heavy drug charges—they all appear in court at the end of January. One thing's for sure—Worthing's sure not going to be the same again.

NAUGHTY PGS

Nottingham pig, John Avery, got 7 years recently for robbing the homes of people known to be on holiday by the police. The pig and his accomplice used a pandacar for the robberies....

A Surrey policeman who was given seven months for stealing £3 from a shop said he took the notes "just because they looked pretty."

HOW TO TELL IF YOU'RE BEING FOLLOWED

Michael Gaughan, said to be a member of the IRA, and accused with others of conspiring to rob a bank to finance IRA operations, explained at the Old Bailey, "If we suspected we were being followed by the Special Branch, we used the trick of turning round suddenly and pointing straight at the man. If the man was a Special Branch officer he would sometimes walk away, but if the man was a civilian he would come and ask us what we were doing."

"OZ is a sordid rag produced by an equally sordid bunch of petty bourgeois degenerates. There would be no place for such a publication under socialism."

—Irish Liberation Press

VALPREDA DEMO

March and demo to protest about the trial of Pietro Valpreda and others, accused of causing Milan and Rome bombings of December 12, 1969, from Speakers Corner to Italian Embassy, will be on Sunday 16 January at 2 pm. Further info from Organisation of Revolutionary Anarchists, c/o 68 Chingford Road, London E17

BRADFORD BURNS

Reports from Bradford suggest pig activity is getting heavy in the area. Graham writes, "They are stopping

discrimination in employment, education, and training on grounds of sex."

Please send letters of support to local MP's etc., asking them to vote for this bill at its SECOND READING on 28 JANUARY.

There's a public meeting in support of the bill on 18 January at Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Square, Holborn, London at 7.30 pm. Further info from the Women's Lobby, Flat D, 5-7 Eardham Street, London WC2 (01 226 7709) or Women's Liberation Workshop, 12-13 Little Newport Street, London WC2 (01 734 9541)

acid in their own private lives. I know that is asking a lot but if enough of us do it—and please be sure already by the other signatures with my name that there is a fair start—if just might work. Believing in miracles of course!

Bill Dwyer
(Bill already has gathered 64 signatures (all genuine) in the first week. Write and pledge your support. Get others to do the same. If enough people testify, the pigs will wish they'd never brought the case)

40E Holland Road, London W14 (entrance Napier Rd). Phone 602 4027



DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS

I have been busted with what eventually may prove to be 1400 tabs of LSD.

This is a simple appeal for help and courage. I shall be fighting the case on a basis of no guilty intent, that this is a matter of conscience in which I believe acid is a holy sacrament which greatly assists the individual in cleansing himself of selfishness and the various million inhibitions bestowed upon us by an authoritarian, moralistic society.

I shall be calling sufficient evidence to show that I was not motivated by personal profit but lived as an equal in a commune where the ambition was the growth of communes, giving substance to an alternative society.

What I need now is as many people as possible to testify in court the beneficial effects of

POLICE FIVE

John Guest was coming out of the Wishbone Ash concert at the Red Lion, Leytonstone, when he stopped to help someone who had fallen into the road. Some passing pigs grabbed him and took both of them to the station, beating them up on the way. The pigs now say John was in a fight at the pub and is accused of beating up a pig and wrecking the station. If anyone saw what really happened, John would like them to contact his solicitors: Philip Knosof or Ian Sheratt at Kent House, 87 Regent Street, London W1 as soon as possible.

DRAFT RESISTANCE IN ISRAEL

On 2 August 1971, 3 Israeli men and one woman, about to be conscripted into the army, wrote an open letter to the press stating: "We were not born

ANTI-DISCRIMINATION BILL

Willie Hamilton, MP for West Fife, has introduced a private members' bill to the House of Commons outlawing

free in order to become oppressors. We refuse to inflict upon another people what has been inflicted upon our parents and grandparents."

Two of the men broke down under the tremendous emotional strain exerted on them by their friends, parents, teachers. The third, Gitora Neuman, has been given a long prison stretch.

Petitions demanding his release and recognising the right to resist the draft on moral or political grounds are available from the Israeli Revolutionary Action Committee, 8 Haniton Road, London NW6

WHO SAID THIS?

"My misery, dishonesty, hatred—all of these must be destroyed and men must rule by love, charity and mercy."—J. Edgar Hoover "Masters of Deceit," 1968

RHYMES FOR OUR TIMES

Peter, Peter, pumpkin pie, had a wife but couldn't keep her. So he put her in a pumpkin shell and there he kept her very well.

Sally, Sally, Peter's wife, took back control of her life. Shattered that old pumpkin shell and told Peter to go to hell.

PANTHERS SOFT-LINE

Palo Alto, Calif (UPI)—Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale told an audience at Stanford University recently that the Oakland faction of the Panther Party is dropping its "pure military titles" and will concentrate instead on providing free medical and dental clinics to serve the poor.

Seale said the Panthers were not calling on people to pick up guns, he said party members are being asked to point out the oppressiveness of the American system to the people through genuine service projects. He added that the call for guns was being advocated by those he called "a few defectors."

The Chairman maintained that the Black Panther Party feeds more poor and hungry children in California each day than the California government.

SHORT SHOT

A Los Angeles psychiatrist reports that incest involves on least five per cent (or million) of the US population and that a 10 to 15 per cent figure may actually be more accurate....

Gen. Franco of Spain has warned Roman Catholic clergy that "the State will oppose any interference in its sovereignty aimed at disrupting wholesome co-existence among Spaniards...."

Joyn Wayne has opened a "Keep Our Veep" campaign supporting Vice-Pres. Spiro Agnew....

Tight security at Ayon rubber in Wiltshire since revelation that they produce rubber bullets. The company is also gathering much blame for nearby river Ayon being named as one of our worst polluted rivers....

Agrie Ltd-house mushrooms in Chlons to make them "cleaner" and more commercial and attractive. Chlons is a long cleaner....

Following the blowing up of a parked pig car in Wormster, two soldiers and three civilians are reported to be on explosives charges....

Chippinham High School and Liberal Club both trashed recently coming meetings and worth of damage. Coincidentally heavy rock band Pink Fairies played there a few days before....

Greasy Truckers grand opening party at the Roundhouse is on Sunday 13 February, with

music, films, lights, dancing, singing and contests and various other trips....

Stoned typesetters here again saying please keep reading 'cos the mistakes are there to make it more interesting....

HUEY FREE!

Oakland Calif. (YIP)—For the first time in four years, Huey Newton, Co-Minister of the Oakland based Black Panther Party, is free of all legal charges against him.

His third trial for allegedly killing 3 police men ended in a hung jury last week. The prosecution then requested that the judge order Newton to stand trial on the charges resulting from the shooting. The judge ordered a hung jury and Newton walked out of the Alameda County Court House a free man.

WEST LONDON MOTHERFUCKERS

"Dear comrades, In the early hours of Thursday December 24, we trashed the Tories HQ in Avenue Bridge Road, W2."

"This was the second of several actions against pigs in the Notting Hill area. There are many more to come. The revolutionary class has their purposes in Parliament are the targets of our revolutionary action along with these three things—the police."

"This is a brief note—we will write in more detail soon—pows—Communist 2, West London Motherfuckers Army Brigade Moonlighters Cell."

STEAL THIS BANK

National Westminster Bank are worried that the use of computers has made it more difficult to detect forgeries. Because computer work is the chosen of working class leaders, were no longer familiar with every signature.

KING STREET EIGHT

The eight members of the London up area who were charged with variously obstructing the pavement and obstruction of police officers in the execution (high black black) on 4 October 1971 made a final appearance at Bow Street court on Christmas Eve.

Owing to the disparity in the evidence of all the witnesses, police and defendants, three of the eight were acquitted, four received £18 fines each and the last a conditional discharge for one year.

Yet more proof that the pigs are not at all as efficient as they would have us believe—we thought the magistrate had just as good a laugh at them as we did!

ONE OWNER, 10,000 DRIVERS

Every year thousands of hire cars "disappear" in autumn sales, when a buyer studies the log book he may think he is buying a Fleet car, a demonstration car, or even a one-owner car. However, he should know that hire use two or three names, a holding company and those of individuals. Geoffrey Dyer came in the names of two firms and Avis have their cars registered under another name for "administrative" reasons.

IT MAKES GOOD SCENTS!

American company called dog is producing a cologne called "dog" made from "dog" urine. According to Gordon Marke of Qung, it "unfortunately doesn't have the effect of smoking grass, but it does have a very refreshing smell."

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS ONE!

Baltimore's excellent underground newspaper "Harry" has just found out that the longest surviving member of the staff, Glen Eliaz, has been working as an undercover agent for Baltimore's Intelligence Dept ever since the first issue.

In a statement following the discovery, the Harry staff say, "We pretty much decided that we had never given Glen any really political information. We've always been a little wary of him, partly because his participation in the days of rage back in '69 had been so obvious that he wasn't even arrested. He also had a black, goateed, matted hair and like everyone else, he was a little bit nutty. But we didn't know he was a political informant. We didn't know he was a spy."

In case you're not sure of the verities in South Africa, remember, colour is still being employed. The problem is that coloured people aren't allowed to go to the front of the queue to work up and down the stairs with their backs permanently turned towards the screen.

A 22-year-old housewife has been ordered by a judge not to make another girl pregnant for three years. He was also given three years' probation for possessing an offensive weapon.

The Sunbury chain of supermarkets has now banned the sale of Sunlight Lemon Liquid, the Lever Bros washing up liquid, with pictures of a juicy lemon segment on the container, and could so easily be mistaken for lemonade.

And in the house of commons recently, Sir John Furdie, he called for a complete ban on pills, but junior doctor, Dr. Richard Smith, said that was not a reasonable request.

STAGE WIVES

Eighteen from Liverpool City Council's Theatre Committee, Section 14 (Peculiar Performances) No person shall be fixed or hung from the flies in post or from which they cannot escape themselves.

CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

Dear Home Secretary, Would you please advise me whether any restrictions operate as to the literature periodicals etc that may be sent to a person detained on conviction in HM Prison. I have been told for example that International Times is now proscribed at all HM Prisons. Obviously in a democratic society there are limitations in such administrative orders that the people and their democratic organisations have a right, if not a duty, to know.

Yours faithfully, Denis Grant

Dear Sir, There are many reasons for the quantity and nature of books, newspapers and periodicals which a prisoner may receive, and the sources from which prisoners may receive them. In the case of periodicals, which you mention specifically, prisoners may receive more than two or three in each office. Journals, technical or educational periodicals which they may also be receiving, and these will be allowed only if they are received direct from the publisher or a registered newsagent. If the Post-Office will not knowingly accept a particular publication for transmission through the mails, it follows that a prisoner would not be allowed to receive it if it were sent in for him.

Yours faithfully, J.P. Sisk
Home Office
Ref: PDG 48 371/1/51

ZAP! YOU'RE DISINTEGRATED

PNS-UPS)—If the Pentagon is successful, a Buck Rogers "Death Ray" will be operational by 1980. They've spent \$140 million on developing the high-energy light beam over the past 10 years, working under secrecy comparable to that surrounding the Manhattan Project (nuclear bomb).

The Defense Department's Advanced Research Project Agency (ARPA) launched its laser weapons programme in 1961. In just two years, the Army's Frankford Arsenal in Philadelphia issued requests to industry for hand-held anti-personnel laser guns.

Through the sixties, a series of breakthroughs in laser technology made feasible small laser satellites to zap hostile satellites, a major penetration by laser beam from several thousand yards and even the shooting down of an aircraft carrier by a laser beam.

ARPA is now working on laser weapons at the Air Force's Special Weapons Lab near Albuquerque. It has money to develop a laser weapon, \$70 million for military devices, \$20 million for non-military communication (sure) and \$10 million for medical uses.

Of course, for the past several years laser devices have been used in Vietnam for search and say on Vietnamese. Laser-guided bombs, used daily there, are credited with a tenfold increase in accuracy.

In the near future, laser ray guns are being considered for ships, planes and forward bases, supply to zap missiles and other planes. Recently ARPA requested \$5.8 million to study the feasibility of supplementing the Safeguard and anti-ICBM hoodoo with laser weaponry.

The government's hopes are expressed by one expert who recently stated that the laser "will be the most revolutionary tool for mankind since the atom bomb."

NASTY FOUR

By the time you read this, the four accused together with Bloom (Publications) Ltd of possession of obscene articles, namely Nasty Tales No. 1, for sale, will have made their first appearance in court—Marlborough Street Court, on 11 January.

Defending them will be Arnold Rosen, who dealt with the Prescott/Furdie committal proceedings and also the Powis Square trial last year, and an attempt will be made

to get the charges dropped; failing that proceeding to a higher court. The four accused are directors J Edward Barker, Michael Farren, Paul Lewis and company secretary Joy Farrer.

GREASY TRUCKERS

"And then, oh! excitement, I saw the fab members of the greasy truckers coming towards me."

What we are going to do is obtain premises to be used among other things for a music venue, nursery play group, book shop, model society anything which can constructively work within that kind of structure.

"Oh yes, wonderful!" At the moment we urgently need office space to work from if you can help please contact us at Friends Box no. 164.

At the moment we would you agree that the individual can only function as a component of a whole, an organisation if you like, and that as a divorced organism is impossible?"

So to begin with ladies and gentlemen, the now of February 13. On this date in association with Fusa & Games there will occur the Greasy Truckers Grand Opening Party at the Roundhouse. Among those appearing are Lord David, Lady Julia, Lady Schwartz, Mike, Gail and Byzantium. A nearly continuous circus of films, poets and assorted disasters are also scheduled so watch any time for further particulars.

Remember the 13th and make it snappy. Happy Year

A man in Dunbarton has had this planning pearl in a mission from the Scottish Office. "The foregoing provisions of this schedule shall apply to a refusal to give a direction, with the substitution for any reference to giving a direction of a reference to the refusal to give a direction, and with the substitution for any reference to a copy of the direction as proposed to be given of a reference to a statement of intention to refuse a direction."

(Guardian)



ISLE OF WIGHT ROCK

The Isle of Wight County Council has announced the conditions they will impose on any future pop festival on the island.

The main conditions are:

1. Site to be cleared of perishable liquor within one week and all other liquor within three weeks.
2. Separate washing facilities for each sex.
3. A water supply within 250 yards maximum of any campers.
4. One WC for every 75 persons expected.
5. A mechanical digger and a vacuum tanker in constant readiness to tackle drainage problems.
6. No public address system to be used after 1 a.m. except for emergencies.
7. The organiser must obtain, at his own expense, any consent or easements required from owners of land adjoining the site.

PIGS INVESTIGATE PIGS

The Police are investigating corruption among the London traffic pigs. Even though such investigations are always whitewashes, they can be useful, as the one into the London Drug Squad has shown. Little has been heard from them since the "independent" police investigator arrived. Still, things will soon be back to normal.

Meanwhile, the Leeds Court schedules are crammed full with pigs on trial. Latest are two detectives accused of accepting a bribe.

WHO ARE THE SAS?

DESPITE the official denials, the Special Air Service - SAS - is now active in Northern Ireland. They seem to be there in the normal "undercover" role they play.

According to the IRA they have already helped kill 3 British soldiers in March of this year. "Hate had to be created in the common soldier for all that was Irish" (see IT/118).

The situation in Ireland is ideal for the SAS, they are the elite of the British Army and some of the best trained soldiers in the world. The much publicized US Special Forces are known to admire them highly.

They're basically trained to act as undercover/guerrilla troops, usually in groups of three or four, each soldier being able to look after himself unlike the normal British soldier who needs orders.

The SAS have been active in the majority of conflicts that the UK has been involved in since the last war. For instance, in Malaya against the Chinese communist guerrillas, and in Sarawak and Borneo against the Indonesians.

They are known to have been training in the last couple of years in undercover work dressed as civilians, some of this training took place in Denmark, and incidentally playing havoc with the Danish Police.

The standard required by the SAS is far higher than that of the normal British Tommy and for this reason they have been permanently under strength since the last war. Individual soldiers in the SAS can often speak three or four languages.

are able to use the majority of small weapons available in the world—Chinese and Russian included, and are trained parachutists, etc. etc.

The motto of the SAS is "Who dare wins" and their symbol the winged dagger striking downward. The commanding officer is titled Colonel Commander, Major (Hon. Brigadier) The Viscount, Lord of Throope. The three regiments of the SAS are:

21st SAS Regiment: the TA regiment, known to be the elite of the TA.

22nd SAS Regiment: the backbone of the SAS, the elite of the British Army and the one probably in Ireland.

23rd SAS Regiment: the reconnaissance regiment. Further information on the SAS might be available from their records office at: Queens Division, Light Division, Para., SAS SASC, Higar Barracks, Exeter, Devon. The officer in charge being Col. D.J. Wood and the telephone number is 0392 76581/7.

(news from Ministry of Information, White Panther Party, UK)

WHITE PANTHER PARTY UK WEST LONDON CHAPTER

Box no. WPX, 11a Benwick Street, London W1A 4PF now formed three months, putting out propaganda on public transport and generally getting across to 'straights', produced magazine 'White Trash' price 10p (inc. p&p) from above address. Have started a free food programme, already distributing in Portobello Road.

RUPERT KIDNAPPED

Two Rupert Beers were recently stolen from a food firm's store-room in Esher, Surrey, where they were waiting to be sent to the winners of a painting competition.

The crime was even considered important enough to be mentioned by Shaw Taylor on "Police Five."

Imagine everyone's surprise when the bears turned up hanging from a tree with a note which read, "One day, Shaw Taylor, one day..."

GROCER SPURNED

When President Tito arrived in the mid at Heathrow Airport last week, he hurried straight past a soaking Mr Heath and clambered into a waiting car. The unrecognised grocer was forced to go with undignified haste in hot pursuit. By the way, who's President Tito?

RUCHELL MAGEE SUES THE STATE

San Rafael, Calif (LNS): California State officials were hit with a suit last week totalling \$5,500,000. The suit, filed by Ruchell Magee (the lone survivor of the Marin County Jailbreak in which Jonathan Jackson died) in US District Court, charges that the state has illegally held him in prison for the last 8 years. The suit names State

Attorney General Evelle Younger, San Quentin Warden Louis Nelson and Asst. Attorney General Albert Harris as defendants. Also listed in Magee's court, appointed attorney Ernest Graves and 10 other defendants. Magee is demanding that he be released from prison and that the 14 defendants be arrested.

The suit deals at length with the conspiracy of the court in depriving him of his rights. Magee has insisted that he be allowed the right to defend himself in all his court actions. He points out that his court appointed attorney works openly with the court to deny him access to legal records and documents which he could have used in his previous cases.

In the suit he tells also of the beatings and mistreatment he and other prisoners received at the hands of guards following the murder of George Jackson; he says that guards have threatened to murder him "for being a nigger jailhouse lawyer" and for "filing documents."

Since August 21, when George Jackson was murdered, Ruchell states that he has been continually harassed. Shortly before he was scheduled to appear in court last month he was tear-gassed in his cell.

Ruchell has been incredibly successful with the motions and documents he has filed on his own behalf, so far. He has had judges removed for prejudice and proceedings moved to higher courts where the constitutional aspects of his case can be heard. Ruchell maintains that the Marin County Jailbreak was a slave rebellion and that he had been unlawfully confined for eight years previous to it. If he can prove his case of illegal arrest and slave rebellion he will escape the mandatory death sentence that is hanging over his head.

MICKEY MOUSE MEETS THE FURRY FREAKS

A year ago the Board of Trustees for the Walt Disney estate opened a college outside Los Angeles because it had always been one of Disney's dreams to sponsor "a place of learning where young artists could study together under the finest of teachers."

However, in that year, the dream has turned into a night mare. Not least because of the nude swim parties, drug taking and political turbulence. One teacher even announced he would teach "dope, peace and group grope". The last straw for the Trustees was when the college's first magazine was filled with porn pictures. The Board is now considering stopping its financial support for the college.

In fact it seems to be hard times all round for the Disney dream. Even the imitation snow on the "Matterhorn Bobsleigh Ride" at Disneyland caught fire the other day, dropping molten glass fibres on three riders.

WELCOME TO MIAMI

The 1972 Democratic Convention will be held in Miami Beach and Police Chief Rocky Pomerance will no doubt get the Pig of the Year Award.

He's just been given \$600,000 in Federal & State grants to prevent a recurrence of the '68 Chicago battle. The bread will buy night vision and optical devices, bomb and gun detectors, pig helmets with built-in walkie talkies, scramblers to stop interception of pig communications, closed circuit TV systems and 2,000 pairs of nylon band band-aids. All in all could be the most widely media taped battle in history. Rocky says, "We are preparing for any eventualities and anticipating nothing."



PROGRESS IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT...

Glasgow is no mean city. The hideous ugly child of a once invincible empire, whose pride and intolerance was surpassed only by its vicious cruelty, was at one time reckoned by United Nations statisticians to be the sixth most violent city in the world. The empire has crumbled, and now the dirty, decaying tenement slums of Glasgow, for so long the common denominator in an essential network of social relationships, are being torn down and replaced by the sprawling, impersonal, 'modern' housing schemes, where each family is forced to live in its own island of controlled isolation. But violence still pervades this unique city. The street gangs, most of whom are young and haven't yet achieved the fashionable trendiness of their older but no less violent brothers, still have to turn to violence as their only means of self-expression.

The size of some of the gangs in Glasgow comes as a surprise to anybody with little previous knowledge of the city. For instance, the Blue Angels, a Glasgow bike-gang who now have chapters extending from Central Scotland to as far south as Leeds: they are probably the heaviest and one of the most together groups in Glasgow.

Attempts have been made to bring the alternative community together, despite pig harassment, with a reasonable amount of success. GAP (Glasgow Advisory People) an info/advice shop started early in 1971, becoming an 'umbrella' structure under which most of the alternative groups could work, housed a legal clinic, Claimants Union, Black-Box news agency, White Panthers, Seed Centre and Drug Care unit, all of which worked with Glasgow's large freak population and the poor of the surrounding districts. Inter-

racine squabbles, pig hassles and the continual character assassination seem to have obscured GAP's precarious financial situation, and in October GAP finally collapsed, to re-emerge shortly after as the 'Forever People' which met a quick and final death. The groups that worked under the GAP umbrella re-formed in various parts of the city.

'Skell' magazine is Glasgow's only voice of the alternative community, it's policy, in political terms, lies somewhere between "Solidarity, White Panthers and Situationist International". In its short existence it has been subjected to heavy pig harassment, street sellers being arrested and copies of the mag, confiscated, etc. etc. The magazine has now been given over to a collective editorship (it is two issues old) to ensure publication despite the harassment. The new collective will operate a policy of "no compromise" with the pig/death culture, unlike Glasgow's other 'underground paper', the 'Word'. The Word has been accused of "selling out to the freaks" and "making patronising Marxist overtures to an unidentifiable readership".

Of the groups that left GAP, the Claimants Union seem to have been the most successful so far. They now operate from Dalmeirick Road in Glasgow's east end. The Union members are representing claimants and putting forward cases at SS Appeal Tribunals in the never ending struggle with the SS and Labour Exchange, pig-bureaucracy and generally welcome the east enders to drop in and talk with them. Unfortunately they have been receiving a lot of aggro from a local gang, who have been dropping in and terrorizing them. While I was in Glasgow, one of the members, Sean, was just recovering from an eye wound, after being attacked by a guy with a screwdriver, for no apparent reason.

Generally, however, most of the gangs in Glasgow can relate to the freak population. A lot of the kids are turning on to hash and acid, although downers like mandrax and other death culture drugs have unfortunately been around for some time. Long hair and colourful but trendy clothes are the accepted norm. The youth in Glasgow is a growing market for exploitation

by the big rip-off boutiques which are springing up all over the city. Old established street gangs like the Cumbie, who first were spawned in the crumbling slums of the Gorbals more than forty years ago, still set the pace for the 'gang structures' that exist today. A unique set of levels exist within each gang. The top level is the older men (any age above 25), then the Young Cumbie, the Young Young Cumbie, the tiny Cumbie, the Baby Cumbie, Mini Cumbie, Toddler Cumbie and so on. When the Young Young Cumbie, for instance, become too old, the Tiny Cumbie step up and so it goes on. The amount of gang members 'stepping up' is getting less and less as the amount of housing schemes, which separates gang members from each other and forces them into 'respectable' married life, increases. But even in the housing schemes a huge reservoir of hostile, half-educated, resentful kids exist, who can only expand their sexual and social energy in violence.

"THE PIGS KNOW WE CAN GIVE AS GOOD AS WE GET."

The Blue Angels are working class guys who first formed a bikers chapter in the tough Maryhill district about ten years ago. They still retain that self-governed spirit of the age which distinguishes them from both the street gangs and the freaks of Glasgow. Lennie Reynolds, the Blue Angels articulate and highly respected spokesman/secretary, talked about the Blue Angels to me:

"We've got a selective point of view, like Buttons and the Hells Angels. We draft in the new guys, three months for their colours, then they get a membership card and we watch them. If they're a fuck up, they get battered and thrown out of the club. We don't give them Americanised names like 'prospects'. We call them 'apprentices', learning their trade so to speak. Abolitionists in every ten eventually become Angels, out of thirty or forty that apply every month."

Pig hassles: "No, we're respected. The pigs know we can give as good as we get. The riot wagons know it too, though we lose later on. They can pick us up after a battle, but not before we put a lot of them into hospital."

Freaks and politics: "We get on great with freaks. We score most of our shit and acid from them. We don't get involved in

their politics, although we get on well with the White Panthers. We'll do bouncing for them and so on. But you must appreciate Glasgow is a violent city, and it's not because of politics that a gang would jump a group of long-haired weirdos. It's because all these guys are trooping through their territory."

"The gangs are a potentially powerful force. You can take any working class guy in any working class district, and with unemployment, etc. etc. he's got to be in a team, unless, that is, he's an exceptional common or flyman operating on his own. But most of these guys just want a couple of bob in their pockets, whether it's from a wage or a turn. Most of the left wing guys, revolutionaries, militants here are middle class fuckers who've never had to stay in a stinking single-end in Maryhill or Cowcaddens."

"CLEANING UP THE DRUG SITUATION"

Heavy pig activity is not only used, of course against the Blue Angels or the gangs. There are numerous proved reports of freaks being beaten up in the streets and pads being broken into and illegally searched by the Glasgow "untouchables"—plain-clothes ex-riot squad pigs who cruise around in disguised vans, originally used to quell the gangs and now becoming the instruments of Chief Constable McNeer's threat to "clean up the drug situation." The drug squad itself frequently uses bullying tactics to force arrested freaks to grass on their brothers and sisters, making no attempt to conceal their strong-arm methods. The White Panthers and other alternative groups have been leafletting the freak haunts, and getting freaks together to resist the pigs and fight to stop this blatant form of cultural repression.

The local, friendly neighbourhood pig, Detective Inspector John Brown of the Drug Squad is Glasgow's answer to Pe Peley of Notting Hill Gate. He is a dedicated man, who loves playing at cops and robbers, although the strain tells on

him, especially around the eyes (or is it the strain?). He is ruthless in carrying out his dedication, declaring that jail is the prevention and the cure. I watched Brown, while sitting in the State bar—a freak pub—push a young girl round the pub and make her point out the people to whom she had sold dope.

Another freak haunt, the Maryland club in Scott Street, has survived only because it has compromised with Brown and his squad. The pigs allow the freaks to be contained in this dope-smoking paradise, as long as they pay their entrance money, that is. Both the management and Brown's squad are satisfied with this convenient set-up. The management get the bread and the freaks are contained, which pleases the city constabulary. It is virtually another jail in Brown's prevention and cure therapy.

Despite this subtle repression, the freaks, whose very lifestyle evolved in the State bar and the Maryland, are becoming more conscious of the nature of the repression and rip-offs they've been subjected to. Any hope for change in Glasgow lies in this new consciousness and awareness of the exploitation within their own culture.

THE NEW URBAN GUERRILLAS

The gangs in Glasgow, if so motivated, could be the new urban guerrillas. The street gangs are mean violent mother-fuckers who, if well organized, would be a force to be reckoned with. The gangs are the most oppressed part of the community, probably more so than the freak population. They are so bitter, confused and frustrated that they have not the insight to understand that the same society that harasses and jails freaks on dope charges and for wanting freedom is the same society that contains them in their gang ghettos. Gang fighting divides the people. It plays into the pigs' hands, for when a neighbourhood is divided, as ALL of Glasgow is, it is temporarily conquered.

The revolutionary potential of Glasgow is enormous, but so much of the peoples' energy is

continued on page twenty-two





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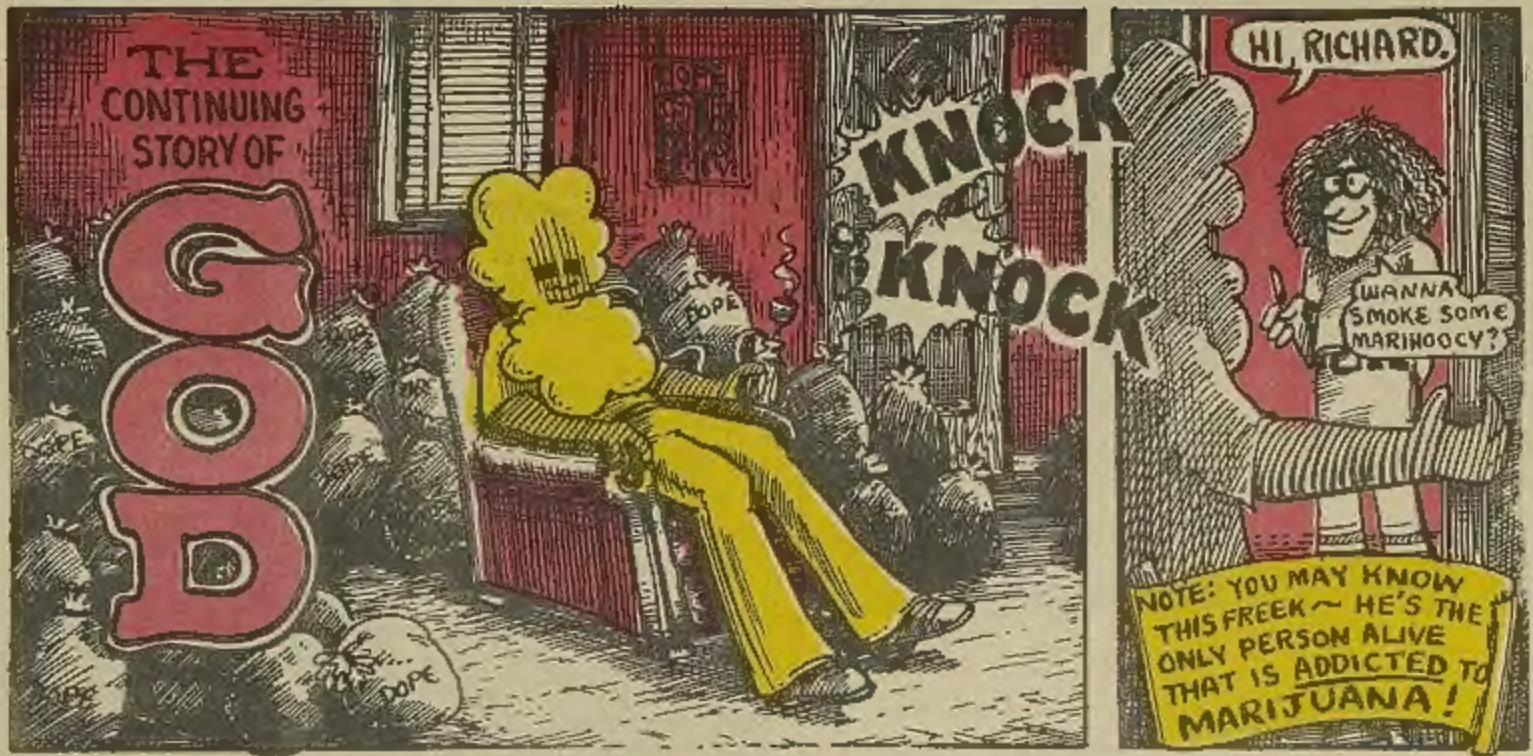
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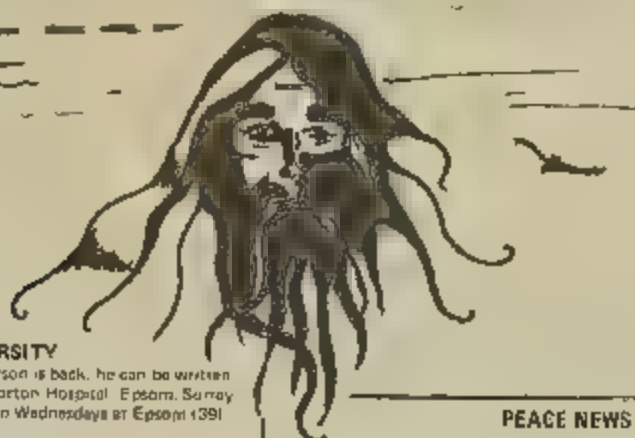
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(advertisement closes 13 January 1972)

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This Nasty Tales prosecution is calculated to shut down both IT and Nasty Tales. Don't let them win. Please help.

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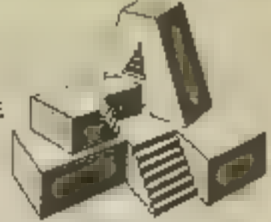


NASTY TALES No.3 is out now, price 20p, from your favourite bookstall or by post from IT, 11a Berwick Street, W1A 4PF (+3p p&P please!). BULK

NASTY TALES₃

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PREMIERS & WORKS COMMISSIONED FOR L.A.P. include **WINTER SING** to be performed by **COSMIC CIRCUS** which itself grew from the Mike Westbrook Band and the Welfare State. Another premier will be the Johnny Dankworth Band with the London Sinfonietta Orchestra performing **MEETING PLACE** by Banks and Taverner.

EVENTS the building of a **MAZE** (itself then packed with 'events') **EXHIBITIONS** in shop units, **CHILDREN'S ART**, **ART FACULTY ARTS WORKSHOP** also the **CHILDREN'S MURAL** and **PUBLIC PAINTING** and **SCULPTURE**.

Street theatre gatherings with children will unify the whole thing with mediaeval type markets, stands from organisations like **B.T.** and **FRIENDZ THEATRE WORKSHOPS** will involve students who will then perform the works during the Festival.

INFLATABLES STRUCTURES by a group of Architectural and Arts Fac students.

INTERACTION ACTION SPACE **YORKSHIRE GNOMES PEOPLE** **THE SPACE THEATRE** **PEOPLE** **GENTLE FREEDOM** **HOUSE CO** **COMMUNITY THEATRE** Bradford Art Coll. General Will Red Ladder **KEN CAMEL**.

AMERICAN BLUES ARTISTES Eddie Guitar Burns, Lightning 5 in J.B. Hu.to and the Hawks, Homesick James and Memphis Slim. **JAZZ** (see above) plus Ken Colyer with the Tierra Buena Band. **POETS** Adrian Mitchell, Brian Patten, John Montague, Adrian Henry, Michael Longley, Christopher Logue. **CLASSICAL** Stradivarius Trio with Werner Giger English Chamber Orch. with Ernesto Betteti performing a guitar concerto. Orchestra da Camera performing Bach Mass with choir. **BAROQUE** Musica Antiqua Trio. **BRASS BAND** Grimethorpe Colliery. **VARIETY** Rogers & Stern. **THEATRE** 'The Rivals', 'The Two of Us', 'Pre Paradise Sorry Now'. **FILM** open screening, Losey and Hitchcock. **INTERNATIONAL CLASSICAL GUITAR COMPETITION** **LIGHTSHOWS & MULTI MEDIA**, Uncle Dirty, Mandala Lights, Low Moon Spectacular. **FOLK** The Spinners.

SLADE, V.V. STANSHALL'S ex-BONZO entourage. **THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN** and **ROGER RUSKIN SPEAR**. ETC' ETC' ETC

plus
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Getting out of the cab into the cold dun air, with the big red arid green sign of the America flying over their heads, they decide to go up to the room and continue their business discussion. The lobby is rank with the odors of Oriental food. The Pinoy Pinoy, a Philippine restaurant, beckons from the left. Its goofy sign triggers Lenny into a bit. "Hey, Arnold, dig the concept of a Filipino. A guy with a gold tooth who comes quick and giggles!" Zap! There's an abstraction for you. Arnold (Lenny's lawyer) grunts his pleasure. The switchboard girl gets up from her chair and says, "Mr. Bruce, here's a list of the calls that have come in for you... there's a lot of them."

Damn war, but there are! When Lenny Bruce comes into a hotel, the switchboard lights up like a Luftwaffe raid over London. Every junkie, shingleman and jazz musician in the city is trying to get through to Lenny. All the dope fiends want to lay a taste on him so they can hang out together. You know "Lat's get Lenny high, and dig his crazy head!" That's how he was to go out that hotel window years later in San Francisco. Some dumb hippie chick wanted to turn him on to LSD. She slipped the acid in his coffee, and Lenny flew out the window. Ball-nosed naked, he dropped 20 feet and smashed himself into bits. What a delightful prank!

Almost as bad as the junkies are the broads who crash his quarters. Every painted-up, garter-belt hooker wants to crawl in the sack with him. Give him some free stuff, just like the heads. Lenny can't stand these freebie chicks, he's got his mind on business these days. Chicks don't mean a damn to him. He could go for a month without getting laid. Or he could jump the next broad who comes through the door. It really doesn't matter. What counts now is writing material and playing dates and getting his price up and moving into TV and film and just keeping the show on the road. Chicks are the preoccupation of the unemployed.

Once inside his Dufy-blue command post, Lenny starts to issue orders. He's got a job for everyone. Arnold has to get on the phone and start negotiating a deal with 'Rogue'. They want Lenny to do a monthly column: salty, funny, hip contemporary stuff. He does on the floor. Solid! He'll be the hipster Dorothy Kilgallen. Let them come up with a number. Terry must prepare surgery for the next case: the famous star of nightclubs, TV and film, Lenny Bruce—who will soon be needing another injection. Lenny loves to play doctor and at this point in his life he's got more gear than the emergency room at Mt. Sinai. Terry must get the needles into immersion antiseptics (popping them into a jar where they look like gleaming little tadpoles) and prepare the regular hypodermic syringes. Disposables are great for a fast blast, but they aren't for everyday use. Less finely boned than regular needles, they have tiny burrs that hurt like hell and tear up your veins. Lenny, meanwhile, busies himself with the utensils of cooking: the heavy kitchen matches and the spoon and the cotton batting. Actually, Dilaudid is far more potent when taken by mouth. But Lenny is just as hooked on the spike as he is on the drug. He makes jokes about shooting aspirin and often inoculates himself with penicillin.

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lin. Any drug that isn't soluble like Dolophen—makes no sense to him. After all, what would shooting be if it weren't preceded by an elaborate ritual. The ancient medicine man standing before the hotel campfire mixing his potions and bringing them to a frothing boil over the white man's safety match!

Apart from his stroke books, Lenny's got a lot of reading material in that valise. He's got Time, Newsweek, Life, Variety, Down Beat, Motronome, TV Guide, the local papers, books on drugs and show business, novels, picture books, caption cuties—a whole library. The librarian is Terry. A real bookworm this guy is. A tall, shy country boy from Modesto, San Joaquin Valley, he went to college and music school, featured himself as a jazz musician, then when times got bad for jazz in the late forties, he drifted into the burlesque business. Lenny met him at Strip City in L.A. It was a Sunday night, Ethnic night in their flesh joints. The whole house was full of hisping, smiling Japanese gardeners from Gardens dying to get a look at some giant white titties. As Terry settled down to play, he noticed this new MC teaching the piano player the changes for his opening number. The number was "Remember Pearl Harbor." That killed Terry. By the next night, they were friends.

What grabbed Lenny was the fact that Terry was a reader. One night Lenny asked Terry to draw up a list of 50 books every educated man should know. Poor Lenny. He never got beyond the 10th grade. But he came from the sort of Jewish family that reverences learning. His father was always quoting Pearl Buck. Lenny was always saying, "You don't it be great to just sit and read." Really got down with it! The sad part was that Lenny simply hadn't got the patience, the concentration, the "sit-fleash." If he pushed too hard, he would get a terrible head-

ache. But here was Terry totting around these library books. Sitting there at the table between shows riddling off titles like a college English professor. Evelyn Waugh, Aldous Huxley, Jean Paul Sartre, Black Lamb and Grey Falcon. When Lenny was impressed.

That was three or four years ago. Now Lenny Bruce is famous. For what? Not just for doing bits, man. Lenny is the hipster hero, par excellence. Around his face and figure and fast-talking mouth resonates the whole hip culture. He's the "Playboy" playboy come to life, with a gorgeous girl in one hand and in the other a copy of Dr. Schweitzer. When he walks out on the floor with The New York Times rolled up in his fist and a heavy furrow running down his forehead (which gets the girls horny), he looks like some New Wave writer, figuring out an existential detective

story that could run in 'Esquire' while they were filming it at St. Tropez.

When Lenny starts to spritz, interspersed with the hip jargon, riding along the bops and beats of his Broadway-Brooklyn tachycardic speech pattern, are allusions to big sounds like Stravinsky, Picasso, Charlie Parker, Jose Lamon and James Joyce. He is into jazz, existentialism, analysis, peyote curts and Cal formia. He is concerned about the racial scene and the man in the White House and the economy and the way the country is changing. He has a philosophy, an attitude. He speaks from experience, but he's done an awful lot of reading. "Yes," he muses onstage, a finger arched across his lip, "I like to read for a couple of hours every night before I go to bed."

Well, why shouldn't he say that? It's part of his act, part of his image. But the image is a bitch to sustain. Let's face it. He isn't that knowledgeable about jazz. He's never been to Europe. Most everything he knows, he picked

Yet the trick is the same. Lenny's neither a reader nor a skimmer. OK. So what's he supposed to do? Just accept it and be a schmuck? Oh, no! There are always people who can help you. You don't have to take a lot of shit from them either. You just sit a guy like Terry down and say, "Now look man, here's the gig. I need an intellectual seeing-eye dog. Somebody who can check out the papers every day and read Time for me, do a little research for me and just set me up nice so when I go out tonight I'm the best informed person in the city. Dig it?"

And the system works fine. Terry, or Richey, or Benny, or whoever is travelling with Lenny, is always a smart, studious sort of cat who can feed him facts and help him learn big new words out of the dictionary. After all what is 'teracy'? It's words. How do you learn words? You hear them. If you have a good ear and a tongue that can mimic anything you hear, you can learn whole languages by rote. Lenny is a mind-mouth man.



Lenny with attorney Seymour Fried in court

up from the movies. Yet there is a way of handling this problem. Mori Sahi found the solution before Lenny. It's called Osmosis.

The way Sahi worked? Wherever he was, at home or on the road, he would have his room lined with magazines and books. He never read anything. He was a voracious skimmer. Yet by flipping through this and staring at that, reading a sentence here and picking up a word there, he got a very good idea of where everything was. When he went into his monologues, you would swear that he had digested the whole world for that week. Charles DeGaulle, Dwight Eisenhower, segregation, Shelley Berman, trade unions, Dave Brubeck, 'Marty' New York Borkolay, sandals, J.D. Salinger, fingertip cigarettes, the State Department, Dick Clark, German radios, birth control, Charles Van Doren, Adler Stevenson, natural shoulder suits, Cubo, steel, Dave Garroway, the Goner's Club, Billy Graham. Now Lenny doesn't need all that crap. After all he has an imagination and he's really funny, not just nervous like Sahi.

His brain is between his ears and his tongue. All he has to do is get the hang of a word and he finds a place to slip it into his act. That night he walks out on the stage and drops the verbal bomb right on their heads. Flamboyant. Rationalization. Herculean. Propinquity. Pallegro. Bam, bam, bam. He's killing the people with big polysyllabic atom bombs. Power words like James Joyce must have known.



SCAPEGOAT

The King rode into the forest after dinner to hunt deer, with him rode nine companions: his brother Count Henry, at 33 ten years younger than the King, Robert fitz Hamon, the King's oldest and closest friend; the Earl Gilbert, his brother Roger, Walter Tirel, Gilbert de Langley, William de Montfichet and William of Brothell. In the woods the party split up and the King was left alone with Walter Tirel. The sun was setting when a stag passed by and the King, drawing his bow, loosed an arrow which hit but did not kill the animal. The wounded stag ran to the wall, watched intently by the king for some time, though he had to shield his eyes from the glare of the sun. Another stag passed by which Walter Tirel shot at and missed. The arrow flew on and struck the King. Clutching at the shaft where it protruded from his breast the King fell forward breaking the arrow in his body as he hit ground. He died instantly without uttering a word.

This account of the death of the red-haired King, William Rufus, is based on the account written by William of Malmesbury, who is generally considered to be a careful and truthful chronicler. It seems to be a straightforward account of an unfortunate accident but behind the simple tale of the death of a king lie much more curious happenings.

It is important to remember that England at this time was not a completely Christian country, the King himself was strongly suspected of paganism, certainly he was no orthodox Christian. By ancestry Rufus came of pagan stock, his grandfather being Duke Robert of Normandy known as Robert the Devil. The son of Robert was William the Conqueror who married his cousin Matilda, thus giving Rufus a pagan ancestry on both sides of his family. The King's chief minister whom he made Bishop of Durham and his "personal" chaplain, was Ranulf Flambard the known son of a priest and a

The mystery religions form a parallel to a certain extent with Christianity. Gnosticism, though probably older than Christianity

High mystical form of Christianity. In all these cults and beliefs, the priest or mystagogue or leader (like the King) is seen as the father of the community. The central figure of all these religions is the youthful god who dies and rises again. The initiator to these religions is identified with the fate of the God. He shares the death of the God and rises again to immortal life.

Now the greatest strength of the mystery religion is its secrecy, aspect revealed too often and too many become commensurate, therefore the initiate must be, after initiation, bound by solemn oaths to keep

his initiation. Everything would lead to the initiate believing he held a sacred trust and spiritual purpose. The general sense of the mysteries can be defined as

the bringing of salvation, and it

is not received without sacrifice,

The coming of salvation involves the Blood Sacrifice, the King in the Wood, the Priest who slew the Slayer and then himself became Blood and was a mysterious substance, the essence in the absence of a visible soul. It was believed that in the ritual shedding of blood it was not the taking but the giving that was important. It was a sacred act where life was given to preserve - i.e. a bond of union with the Super Natural. Therefore it can be easily seen that the voluntary sacrifice, however much it may appeal as

a lofty ethical act, comprising splendid ideals of surrender

Aspect of great courage, capable of being performed only by those of the highest moral and spiritual character such as Heroes or Kings. In our dealings with the God we must offer only the best, mass sacrifice of ourselves, criminals can only be a corruption of a higher ideal. We can tie in the story of the Holy Grail with our Divine Victim. For surely the story of the Fisher King in his Waste Land can only be a dire warning of the misfortune come on the earth when the needed sacrifice was not made? When the victim refused the sacrifice and became old and his diminishing vigour was matched by the infertility of the Waste Land.

The suggestion is, as Margaret Murray and others have put forward, that William Rufus, King of England, was the knowing victim of a fertility ritual. The festivals of the seasonal cycle are 1 May, 1 August, 1 November and 2 February, that is, they are connected with the breeding seasons of Robins, Lammas, All Hallows and Candlemas. Rufus was killed on Thursday 2 August 1100, the morrow of Lammas.

Though history gives William Rufus a black name, on closer examination he seems to have been a dutiful son on able and

recklessly courageous and lavishly open-handed. In fact he possessed all the so-called pagan virtues. Most authorities agree that he was never known to break his pledged word, though this was only if he swore by the Face of Lucca, an oath which is in itself strange. Popular and Christian sources explain this favourite oath of Rufus by telling the story of the face of Christ carved by Nicodemus and bound to the mast of a ship. This ship was adrift without rudder or crew until it reached the shores of Tuscany and drifted up the river to Lucca. Nicodemus is said to have carved the face from a portrait miraculously imparted on a handkerchief preserved by (or given to) St Luke. Other people suspect that Rufus was swearing an oath to his God, Lucca or Luca, which may well be a corruption or variation of the name of Jesus as a pagan perhaps beheld his God as a unique divinity, almighty

revelation was the sun

Rufus was unmarried and

rumour was suspected of homosexuality. The main "evidence" for this comes from the somewhat unusual fact in those days that the King had no mistresses or legitimate children. However if Rufus was conscious of his role as the Divine Victim, or if he belonged to one of the Gnostic or Mystery cults that believed in chastity, this lack of sexual activity is not unusual. In some of the cults homosexuality was encouraged, as being either a purer form of love or a way of satisfying the flesh without the danger of add

Many of the troubadours were members of Gnostic sects and for the last two years of his life, one of William's closest friends was William, Count of Poitou, the first of the Troubadours. Again, the Grail is closely connected as an unorthodox belief, Rufus had some contact with Bledri, the son of Cadivor. Bledri is the author of one of the earliest Grail romances.

William Rufus is believed to have spent the night of 1 August at Castle Melwood, a small castle in the forest, during the night he was taken ill, whether from a stomach upset or some form of food poisoning, we do not know, no one else in the castle seems to have been affected. Perhaps at this late date even this devoted and dedicated King was having second thoughts. The King is said to have sat up most

of the night, looking extremely shaky when he did eventually rise. During the morning, Robert fitz Hamon informed Rufus that a monk was below, waiting to report a warning that was known for his disbelief in a prophecy made by a Christian priest. "Just like a monk," Rufus grumbled, "He dreams of money. Tell him to go away." Nevertheless, Rufus gave the monk 100 shillings.

It was probably around 4.00 that the company set down to dinner. The King was overheard to say to Walter Tirel, "Remember what you've heard Walter and take appropriate action." As with many of the other happenings a meaningless and insignificant remark taken alone but becoming much more relevant when added to all the other

The King had fasted all day but is said to have eaten and drunk more than usual at dinner. Again a perfectly human reaction.

Perhaps it was around six when eventually the hunting party started to get ready. Whilst Rufus was drinking, a man brought some newly made

At six of them, the King accepted them and gave a couple to Walter Tirel, saying, "The

As they were about to set off another monk arrived, this time from Sarum, the Normal Abbot of St Peter's. Another monk had dreamed that the King would be in danger if he went hunting that day. Again the monk was dis

killed in a grove in the forest at sunset. Tradition says he died by an oak tree on

King's slayer is said to have stood under an elder tree whilst making his shot. The

elder is believed to bring the

stress on the type and proven of trees at Rufus' death. The death of Divine Kingsdom, inextricably linked with trees. Jesus was crucified on a wooden cross. Odin hung 9 days on a tree, Attila was exposed on a tree after death. Britain in fact has a long history of tree worship and tree reverence. People will still get extremely upset about the falling of old trees, and not always perhaps for sentimental

Folk legend in the New Forest says the oak under which Rufus was slain broded every Xmas day, reminding us of the Star of Bethlehem. Ecclesiastical writers insist that at Rufus' burial no bell was rung, no mass said, no offerings made for his soul. The poets give us a different story, telling of extraordinary demonstrations, the peasants bewailing the death of their red-haired King, which legend said was taken to Winchester on a harvest cart, covered by a torn cloak.

The troubadours say the body was strewn with flowers, that there was such mourning as no man ever heard of before or would ever hear again till the day of doom. There is an interesting story told of Bishop Latimer that seems to confirm the people's continuing belief in a vegetation deity. Bishop Latimer had been known to complain of the people's tendency to celebrate the old festivals at the expense of the Christian ones, at his burning certain onlookers were heard to remark that it was unfortunate the burning had not taken place in the season when it might have saved the crops. We have one more link with the Holy Grail and the Hidden Mysteries. In many of the Grail Romances, the hero or heroine meets with a strange and

mysterious chapel (the Perilous Chapel) though the versions differ. The usual components comprise a dead body on an altar, strange and threatening voices and supernatural happenings. There is a story told of a dream Rufus is said to have had the night before his death.

The King found himself alone in a Chapel in the Forest, the walls were bare, the altar was empty. He saw the body of a naked man. Rufus tries to eat this body but a man says "Henceforth thou shalt eat of me no more" and vanishes. Another version says that at first the King sees the body of a stag which changes into the body of a man.

We shall never know whether the death of William Rufus was

a politically expedient murder, an accident or was in fact a ritual sacrifice. Whatever is the truth, I think that there is a strong reason for thinking that the people and the poets did see the King's death as part of

by JOY FARREN

Graphic by Frazdell

For some months, persistent rumors of guerrilla activity in the High Sierra had been going around the Bay Area—rumors that the Midnight Raiders—a group of militant, highly-trained revolutionaries—were planning a series of strikes aimed directly at the "pig record companies and rip-off FM radio stations." I tried to make contact with the Raiders, but nothing came down. Underground newspaper contacts advised me that it would be impossible for a member of the press to penetrate the liberated territory. Still, I put out the word whenever I could: I wanted to speak with a representative of the guerrillas, and would submit to any security measures necessary.

After six months of hassling, when the contact was made, I was quite matter-of-fact. I was to leave immediately for Yosemite Valley, establish a campsite, and wait; I would be contacted again.

The Valley was relatively deserted when I arrived. The passes to the East were still closed by snow, the ground was frozen solid, and the Valley was still in the grip of winter. Luckily firewood was plentiful and I kept a fire burning around the clock. I passed the time reading, exercising, and writing in my journal.

On the morning of the fourth day, I was awakened by soft steps outside my tent and a voice saying, "Spring's late this year." It was the recognition code.

"Yeah, it'll be a gas when it comes," I replied, and pulled on my clothes as quickly as I could. When I stepped into the frosty morning, a young man was warming his hands by the embers of my fire. He was dressed in heavy winter gear: an antarctic parka with fur-lined hood, skiing gloves, warm snow boots. He carried a rifle.

We shook hands, introduced ourselves, and prepared for the hike to camp. The man's name was Bob Dylan—real names were never used. "It's a two-day climb," he said, "so you'd better backpack. We'll have to bury everything you leave behind." Soon I had nearly everything I needed strapped onto my back. We scattered the ashes of the fire, kicked dirt and twigs over the campsite, and set out through the woods.

Soon we were climbing a steep trail that led directly up one of the Valley walls. We walked in silence, Dylan keeping a close look-out. After several hours, a small side trail appeared to the right. A sign hung from a chain, reading: "DANGER—TRAIL CLOSED DO NOT ENTER." We stepped over the chain and continued our climb.

"Hey, is this cool?" I asked. Dylan just put his finger to his lips and kept walking. Half an hour later we found ourselves on a section of trail running directly along the edge of a sheer cliff. There had been a guard rail, I could see it lying halfway down the cliff, wedged into some shrubbery. The ground was covered with snow, and Dylan pressed himself against the rock wall on the side away from the drop. Then he traversed the dangerous section with infinite care. I followed, slowly and fearfully. A few hundred feet further along the trail we left the precipice, cut sharply around a rock outcropping, and stopped.

"It's cool now," said Dylan. "The pigs never come up here, and even if they did they wouldn't make it past the slide. There are brothers up the slope with big rocks ready to roll down. As a matter of fact, that's how the lonce got offed." He reached into his parka and pulled out a joint. We passed it back and forth carefully to avoid dropping it from our gloved fingers.

"Isn't dope supposed to be counter-revolutionary?" I asked. Dylan choked on a lungful of smoke, coughed and shook his head despairingly. "Are you kidding?" he asked.

"No, the Panthers..." I started.

"That's their trip," he said. We dig the Panthers and everything, but we've got our own thing going. They know about it. It's cool."

I gestured at the rifle. "Don't the rangers hassle you about the guns?"

"One tried a month ago," said Dylan, grinning a thoroughly nasty grin. "He had no accident."

"Oh," I said. "Uh...how long have the Midnight Raiders been up here?"

"I've only been around for a couple of months," he said, "but some of the guys have been here for two years. It's a good place to hang out. No smog. It's clean, you know?"

I nodded, and we started climbing again. The dope must have been killer, because the next portion of the trail was definitely hallucinatory: it seemed to go on forever. I think we crossed a frozen waterfall (hanging onto pines), but it seems incredible, in retrospect, that I could have such a traverse. After a while we were walking on a broad plateau, which took us the rest of the day to cross. By sunset we had reached the base of a small mountain.

"It's only a couple of hours from here," said Dylan. "But it's a rough climb in the dark. We'll crash here for the night, and make it on in tomorrow morning. I've got some rice if we can find firewood." We were both hungry, and finding wood didn't take long. Soon a fire was blazing, and we watched the stars coming out as we ate.

After we had done an after dinner joint, Dylan got to his feet. "Stay here," he said. "I'll be right back." He supped from the circle of firelight, and presently I heard music coming out of the darkness. Then Dylan was back, carrying a small guitar.

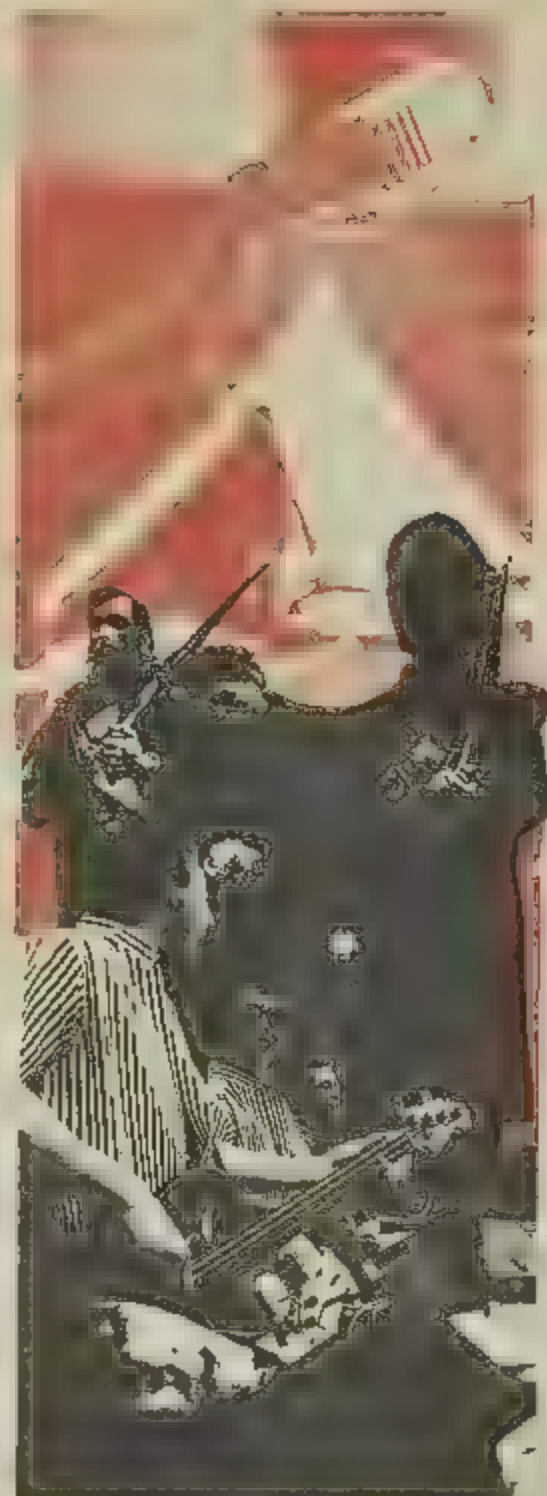
"Far out," he said. "I stashed this last week and it's still here!" He sat down near the fire and began to play. He was really great.

"Hey man, have you ever recorded?" I asked after a while.



REVOLUTIONARY

by the black shadow



Dylan's smile disappeared. "Yeah, once," he said. I waited. His eyes burned with sudden bitterness as he went on. "That's why I'm here. That's why we're all here. We've been ripped off by the pig record companies once too often! We believed them when they said they understood our music. We let ourselves get sucked in by their big-time bullshit and artistic freedom hype. We found out where that was at pretty quick. So we've ended up here, together. And a few brothers and sisters from the Weatherpeople (who were trying to make a little bread playing music) ended up here, too."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"We're gonna off 'em," he said, so softly the words were nearly lost in the thin night air. "We're fighting for our lives, 'cause music is our life. And we're gonna

win. Or we're gonna die. But we'll probably win, you know? Either way it's cool, win or die, 'cause it we lose we might as well be dead. We just want to play for people, but if we have to kick some ass to do it—we'll kick some ass."

"Off who?" I asked, but Dylan shook his head. "Tomorrow," he said, and started to play again. When the fire had burned low we got into our sleeping bags and lay watching the stars. Then we were asleep.

Late the next morning we reached camp. Dylan had been silent during most of the climb, and he left me at a large white-camoled tent. I waited for someone to come out, but after a few minutes nobody had appeared.

I looked around, saw no one and snipped inside.

Three large maps dominated the tent: city maps of Manhattan, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Colored pins were stuck into the maps, occasionally forming into clusters. The clusters were marked with small flags reading, "RCA," "Elektra," "MGM," and so forth. I was trying to make sense out of the display when two men entered the tent. They had long hair, and wore army fatigues. Their "names" were Chuck Berry and Ringo Starr.

"Dig the map?" one of them asked. "Four tails were busted getting the information on there. One of them's still doing time for breaking and entering. It's a drag, but he's cool behind it. He's getting out in a couple of months."

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"The red pins, dig? Those are recording company executives' homes and offices. The white pins are pig rock stars. The yellow pins are pressing plants and studios. Green pins are "underground" FM radio stations. It's all real neat. When we move, everybody gets printed copies of the master maps, broken down into sectors. The offices get bombed. Very simple operation, you know? The studios, pressing plants and radio stations get liberated. And defended. That's where we make our stand, from the studios. The means of production, you dig?"

"What about the executives and musicians?"

"We turn 'em over to the people. If they don't force our hand, that is. If we have to, we'll...well, we won't have a lot of time to play games, you know what I mean? We aren't into terrorism as a tactic, but if they rush us we'll probably have to off 'em." He shook his head, sadly. "You want to see the rest of the layout?"

I hadn't expected anything as well organized as what they showed me. A rifle range, and eight freaks practicing with M-1's. A class in bomb construction and demolition. A political education class. A guerrilla radio workshop. A studio, with eight-track facilities, where musicians were learning how to place microphones and run the board. A first-aid facility. It was impressive.

Asked about the political education class, Chuck Berry said, "Well, most of the Midnight Raiders are pragmatic Marxists, which isn't the same thing as your classic Marxist-Leninist at all. When a cat comes up here we don't ask him to quote the red book for us. All we want to know is whether he's ready to put his life on the line for the rest of us. If he is, the politics can wait for a while. But most of us got into politics pretty heavy. It's funny the way it works out, there are more pictures of John Sinclair around here than Mao. It's the way we look at things, as musicians."

There was only one question left to ask. "When are you going to move?" I said.

Berry looked at me. I tried to look back with the same intensity, but I finally had to look away. He was heavy. I got the impression he was looking through me, seeing things I had forgotten were there. When he spoke, his voice was soft and intense. "Why are you here, man?"

I started to mutter something about communication, responsibility of the press, spreading information, but I ran down in mid-phrase. Why was I here? A story? Sure, but I had passed up stories that hadn't involved half the risks that this one did. I thought hard. Was there something else?

I spoke before I knew what I was going to say. "I want in," I said, and felt a rush of emotion course through me that left me shaking and scared and deeply peaceful.

"Cool, man," said Ringo, smiling. "We figured you might have it together enough. See, the thing about communication is right on. We have to tell people why we're moving. It's essential. If we're gonna have any support at all once we move. People have to dig that we're fighting for them as well as for ourselves, and the only way that's gonna happen is if someone can write it down and get it out. Ain't it weird. At this stage of the game, we need a promo man! And I guess you're him, if you've got the chops for it."

"The other thing," said Berry, "is that you can't leave. In any case. See, things are getting really close. We were set to boogie two weeks ago, but some of the cats on the outside said this trip about PR on us. We ripped it out, and they were right. So you're here, and it's getting close to the time. We have to move soon: we can't keep an operation as large as this a secret forever. I mean, we've got centres in Vermont and Topanga Canyon too. All it takes is one slip...and we've had it."

"I can dig it," I said, and went off to find a place for my sleeping bag. That was a month ago, and things are moving along. I'm sending this out by special courier, more wif: lol ow. But not much more. Sometimes words are more effective than bullets. But finally it comes down to armed struggle. When that happens, "I'll be out in the streets, writing it down as long as I can put pencil to paper."

The people's music must belong to the people. If you can dig that, keep your ears open and be ready to move. The Raiders will be in your town soon. Maybe we're there already. You never know, you dig?

REVIEWS

WUSA
 (Stars Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, dir. Stuart Rosenberg)
PLAZA, Lower Regent Street

At last the liberal dilemma show. Yes, one of the few movies to take a cold look at the contradictions inherent in the position of the liberal, given his place in the context of bourgeois society, has at last arrived in town. In it, we have Newman in a return to the sort of role he had in "The Hustler"—the cynical, pushy liberal, determined to keep going at all costs and unwilling to be tied to anything that might sink and drag him with it.

WUSA is an American ultra-right-wing radio station, which has a vacancy for a station announcer who will also act as a pusher for its "New Photographs". Newman, as Rheinhardt, a sometime station announcer elsewhere, hears about the job from Farley, a quick preacher, who offers the information in part-payment of a loan. Later on, Rheinhardt meets Geraldine (Joanne Woodward) by the waterfront. Geraldine is trying to hustle a signal, being broke-down and workless. She has at some time been a waitress, but is now, as she tells Rheinhardt, "too young for the phone company and too old for the live-and-dime." Rheinhardt buys her a meal, she takes him to her room, etc.

Next day, Rheinhardt goes after and gets the job at WUSA, becoming, as he says, "part of a pattern in somebody's head." He and Geraldine move to the French Quarter, and it is there that the contradiction begins to show. For one of their neighbours is a highly-idealistic liberal investigating welfare cheque misuse, mainly among the blacks. His bewilderment at being rejected by the black community, coupled with his certainty that what he is doing is for the best, is well-contrasted with Rheinhardt's waning self-certainty and increasing cynicism about what he is doing. Geraldine only adds to this with heavy criticisms of Rheinhardt's sell-out, and the relationship takes a similar turn to that taken between Newman and Piper Laurie in "The Hustler"—Newman takes to staying away from home, only returning for clean clothes. Meanwhile, Rainey discovers that he is being used by an ambitious politician linked with WUSA, to try and cause a reaction to throw blacks off the welfare rolls. Rainey confronts the politician in the local Playboy Club and threatens to expose the whole deal. He is told to leave town, and on returning home is threatened by hired goons. A complaint to Rheinhardt gets nowhere, and events proceed to their culmination in a massive nationalist rally, organised by WUSA and hosted by Rheinhardt. As the emotional heat builds up, Rainey edges along an overhead catwalk, and under cover of a display gunfight, aims a pistol at Bigamon, the owner of WUSA—but misses him and hits his sidekick.

Pandemonium breaks out—people flee the hall, black militants outside riot, Rainey is beaten to death by the crowd, Rheinhardt leaves with the preacher after he

fails to protect the crowd with their own slogans—and Geraldine is picked up with grass given to her by some freaks brought by Rheinhardt to the rally, and who, feeling getting busted, give her the grass to hold for them. Geraldine commits suicide in her cell, and Rheinhardt, returning home and finding that Geraldine is dead, sets off for other scenes, crestfallen and almost (but not quite) broken. "Don't worry about it, Rheinhardt, everything's dying." "Not me," says Rheinhardt. "I'm a survivor. Ain't that great?" The liberal who acts is dead, the one who goes with the system is broken. The only winner is Bigamon, WUSA, and, probably the film company distributing it as many people go to see it as to hear it.

Bradford

STRAW DOGS
 (dir. Sam Peckinpah)
Paramount, Lower Regent St

I expected "Straw Dogs" to be full of gratuitous violence but I was wrong. It's time there are many grisly killings and other violent acts, shown in shocking detail, but at no time did I feel this was anything but necessary.

Director Sam Peckinpah is obviously a man with no time for squeamish Liberal pacifists and theorists. I enjoyed Dustin Hoffman's performance as a liberal American who's retreated from the heavy scenes going down in the States to study incomprehensible astral mathematics in a Cornish village.

At first he is treated as a joke by the down-to-earth locals, and feels angry and ashamed of himself for being scared of them. It is only when he gets over his fear of violence and stops letting them push him around, that he gains his pride and feels content.

Peckinpah (who made "The Wild Bunch") makes sure that you come to terms with the violence as well. There's nothing stylised or fantastic about the killings and injuries but there is a lot of excitement and laughter to make them more acceptable. It's a really gripping, very convincing film that recreates the tension of the tight-knit Cornish community where men's basic violence and sexuality are basic and only thinly concealed by a veneer of respect for the law and the church.

Paul

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE
 (dir. Stanley Kubrick, based on the book by Anthony Burgess)
WARNER West End

The adventures of a young man whose interests are rape, ultra-violence and Beethoven. A strange mixture, one might think, but oddly enough it works.

The time is the future, and the setting is the breakdown of Western "civilization". The government is hard and repressive, youth violent and unrestrained, drug-taking and rapacious. Their environments are pop-art pushed to sexual crudity. One young man is finally caught, being betrayed and left by his gang after he

has seduced a woman. In prison he ingratiates himself with the chaplain, and eventually goes for aversion therapy to get over the therapy words turn off violence, sex and, as an unfortunate side-effect, Beethoven—particularly the 9th Symphony, which occurs as background music to some of the worst scenes of the film. Eventually, after a sickening demonstration of what has been done to him, he is released, to find himself totally unable to defend himself, retching violently at even a hint of sex or violence. Then he meets with a man he killed. Here, thinks the man, a writer, is political capital.

All in all, an excellent study of a projected future, with society unable to cope with leisure, its pressures to conform pushing rebellion and boredom to their extreme. Kubrick's follow up to "2001" is the other side of the coin, and one making far more sense. And his skillful playing down of violence through excellent use of music means that the shock of raw violence, when it comes, is undulled by sympathy and identification. Not Kubrick's best, but it should keep up his good reputation.

Bradford

BOOKS

MOSCOW NIGHTS
 by Vlas Tenin, translated by Michel Le Masque, Olympia Press £2.50

Free love was one of the modernist ideas which were widely influential among Communists in Russia during the twenties. Its chief theorist was Alexandra Kollontai, who regarded the family as an old-fashioned bourgeois institution, and thought that individuals in a socialist society should really be liberated. Anyway, it seemed only natural to link the repression of the sexual instinct with political oppression, and demand freedom from both.

But the sort of dedicated, conspiratorial revolutionary who seizes power is usually a puritan, and Lenin disapproved. Stalin finally suppressed all such ideas and behaviour, so that the Soviet Union is now one of the last bastions of bourgeois morality, the sort of place where Malcolm Muggeridge can breathe freely because there isn't a sex book in sight. Not for much longer, however, if Olympia Press succeeds in its plan to spread the benefits of the permissive society eastwards. Its first offering is actually classified, though not very convincingly, to be a product of the Russian underground, satirically undermining the bureaucracy and its rigid moral code with exuberant priapic gusto.

It starts well, with a funeral at which a young widow whose face seems full of carnal lust rather than grief is confronted with a huge, throbbing, distended penis sticking out from behind the bushes. This rampant, Herculon phallus belongs to the cruel-faced Timur, whose heroic performances with a variety of girls form the hard core of the book. But the storyline of a

gang of black marketers who supplement their takings from prostitution and drugs by laying on sumptuous funerals isn't really strong enough to make it much more than a rather relentless sexual catalogue. It culminates in a Aidsunmer Eve orgy at which the presiding wizard suffers a blissful orgasmic death, crushed between a pair of powerful female thighs. But perhaps the most effectively Rabelaisian chapter is about a ooprophiliac who finds his seventh heaven as a Lysenkoist agricultural-manure specialist, until the arid public lavatories of Moscow lure him back to the city.

Konstantin Bazarov.

WOMEN IN LOVE WITH WOMEN
 by Kerina Wilson, Olympia Press

This book is as simple as bed as Reuben's, but I wouldn't bother mounting a campaign against it because it's so boring I doubt many people will read past the first few pages since the repetitious stereotyped descriptions of fuck-and-fuck become so monotonous. All the heroines have cornflower-blue eyes, golden hair, marble-white thighs and dripping arms.

The outrageous part is the blurb on the cover which says, "This unique book makes history as the first honest 'tell it like it is' study of the secret world of the lesbian.... This is not fiction; it is the world of sex as some women, many women know it."

And now for some of the "truths" on the inside pages:

"Lesbians as a group tend to be generally sado-masochistic."

"Lesbianism is a direct result of its [sado-masochism] presence in the personality."

"Sexual inversion is the way that the masochist chooses to punish himself."

"She could glory in that [Anna's gushing 'love-juice'] in spite of her guilt for being able to control someone as a man might, at being a powerful woman, a woman who was not a woman." (A woman can't be powerful?)

"Once the girl begins to assert herself in the world, her normal sexuality will develop and the female substitute, sexually at least, will seem pale by comparison."

"She was taking a substitute for what she really wanted."

Does Kerina really believe that a man is automatically a better lover than a woman? I suppose she must, since she still believes in the vaginal organ and calls a clitoral organ "an infantile orientation."

Her book does point out, however, that many women considered frigid by their selfish or ignorant male lovers, are able to discover their sexuality with another woman who is usually more sensitive and understanding.

Suzette Sorrel

PROTEST!
 price 20p from
 BCM-818, London WC1
 £2.40 for 12 issues

This is a little mag put out by a guy who at one time worked for one of the more unpleasant regional Sunday newspapers.

He tried to do what he could in that environment and found it impossible. The result is Protest!

I do hope that IT readers will try and buy a copy, although the magazine is not and does not claim to be "underground". Probably the best way of describing the mag is to quote from the letter I received:

"I hope that the magazine will appeal to the non-violent end of the underground and also many so called straight who are concerned about some or all of the things Protest is concerned about. In fact part of the magazine platform is to aim at overcoming all differences of cult, ideology and religion and 'get it together.' It aims at a high degree of reader participation and for this reason it will sometimes be advertised as a do-it-yourself magazine (help write it, help sell it), also because the whole aim of the magazine is to get people doing things for themselves—and others. It's about sitting on their backs, rejecting all ideological differences for worse still not even thinking."

The first issue of Protest! will have a run of around 10,000. Advertising for charities and other deserving non-profit organisations cost £22 for a page which is a little above print cost. Try it.

Joy Furren



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SMALLS

Classified advertisements in IT cost 10p per word (company) or 5p per word (individuals). Box numbers are 50p extra. Ad for pets are free. Please send your ad - together with cheque/PO made out to 'Bloom (Publications) Ltd' - to Joy, IT, 11a Berywick Street, London W1A 4PF to reach us not later than one week before day of publication.

COMMUNITY

NEW Information Bureau, N.I.B., Stanley House, 130 Upper Parliament Street, LIVERPOOL 6 (051 709-9979) for young people by young people, 9 am/11 pm/24 hours soon. ACTION on Education, Emergency accommodation/Legal/Medical, etc.

THE New Chile Society & the Young Liberals present a forum: Torture, Death and Repression, PARAGUAY 1972 at 7.30 pm Saturday 15 January at Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, SW1 (St James' underground). The New Chile Society and the Young Liberals Latin America Commission have joined together to sponsor this public meeting to bring attention to the plight of the political prisoners in Paraguay. The facts detailing the activities of the Paraguayan governments policies of repression were highlighted in a recent report from Amnesty International, which report will be available, and discussed at the meeting. A MOVIE... smuggled out of Paraguay, which interviews political prisoners (including one man who has been arrested 93 times) and gives a general outline of the political and social set-up, as viewed from an anti-imperialist stance. The film will be 20 minutes long. PLUS... Picture Exhibition of Paraguayan political jails, etc. Paraguayan music. Handicrafts made by the families of political prisoners, which will be for sale (proceeds to Amnesty). SPEAKER to be announced. 20p entrance. Chairman: Michael Sheppard.

HELP. New Horizon Centre, 242 0010/2234

STREET AID. 24 hours free legal advice and representation. Any help you need with action, jobs, etc. 33 Southwington Street, London WC2. 836 2215

RIB Information Service, 58 Charles Street, Cardiff, S.Wales. All are welcome. Visit our coffee commune - cheap food.

POSITIVE MOVEMENT is a young organisation. Meet people on Jumbo Marches, cosmology circle, carnival activities and community holidays. 10 Lady Somerset Rd, London NWS. D1 485 1646

DRUG Dependents Care Group meets fortnightly on Thursdays at 7.30 at 6 Endeavour St, London WC1. Contact Douglas Kepper, Walnut Cottage, Moorland, nr Bridgewater, Somerset.

BIT desperately needs cash pots. We are having to turn people away. If you can help phone 229 8219

CARDIFF GLF meets on Tuesdays at 7.30 at RIB, 58 Charles Street.

JOBS

BEGINNERS for photographs modelling. Immediate broad 727 0995.

YOUNG male models, all builds, required for mail order underwear catalogue. Write with photo to Dean Rogers, 6 Thayer Street, London W1.

STUDENT (m) must earn £2000. Absolutely anything considered. BOX 121/1

PADS

HELP! I need a flat/room, unfurnished/furnished. London area. Must be cheap! Can someone help a 17 year old chick to escape her parents?

MALE, 30, seeks similar in twenties to share house (Manchester) BM, Box 110, London WC1V 6XX

TWO guys (absolutely crazy) urgently need a flat in the Sherwood part of Nottingham, preferably with a couple (or more) chicks. No hangups but we've got a helluva lot of electrical equipment. Write to Paul Lewis, 9 Banderingham Avenue, West Bridgeford, Nottingham. No ripoffs please!

GRADUATE seeks modern chick to share a pad. No rent to pay. Age immaterial. Sincere friendship. John Peters, The Union, Birmingham University, Edgbaston, Birmingham 5.

DZIN & Snoopy (early 20's) want place in house/flat N or NW London with similar/ easy going people. Reasonable rent. Ring 456 5535

CAMBRIDGE guy (22) seeks girl 17-26 to share flat. Sincere. No takes. BOX 121/2

HAVE you got room in your flat or house for me. Elaine Murray? Ealing area please. Can afford between £4-£8 a week. Please write only, 13 Quintin Court, Spencer Road, Chipwick, W4.

GUY, 19, wants to share flat with other lads. Prof. Hornsey area. Write to Alan, 260 Carterhatch Road, Enfield, Middx.

URGENT! Two working chicks seek 1 ground mixed flat/house. West End/Northern Line. £3.50-£4.20 a week. Write 47 Millmans Street, London SW10.

HAIRY body? Hairy males required for small film part. BM/SALOHCHIN, London WC1

MALE, 19, English, seeks slim girlfriend for sex/fun/good times, etc. Race unimportant. BOX 121/3

YOUNG guy, mid-20's, wants lively broad-minded, hairy uncouth m/f friends. Interests, pop festivals, films, sport. Please write. Possible flat-share. BOX 121/4

PLEASE someone help. We are 2 head chicks and we want our own s/c flat. Max £14.00 p.w. We're being evicted in 2 weeks' time. BOX 121/5

CHICK, 22, would like to share pad with cool, open minded people. Own room, up to £7 a week. BOX 121/6

PERSONAL

MAKE new friends of the opposite sex, in the most reliable, inexpensive way available. Free details from SIM (IT/11) Brunner House, Queens Road, Reading.

COMPUTER Dating? Don't move until you've tried the U-Compute date selector, exclusive to Elaine Introductions, 3p. stamp brings free details, Elaine (Dept IT/Al) Berry Lane, Blawbury, Berks.

YOUNG gay seeks samp with motor bike, willing to share pad. Devon. BOX 121/7

GAY Greaser (20) wants big bike friend with kit for rendezvous London and south. BOX 121/8

LONDON mother of pre-school kid seeks others for friendship, unofficial play group. BOX 121/9

DAY School run by children, parents and teachers. Kirkdale school, 186 Kirkdale, Sydenham, SE20. 778 0149. 3 1/2-13 years.

YOUNG gay Christians (under 30) contact Don BOX 121/10

YOUNG teacher gay seeks genuine friend under 23 (over 21) London pad. BOX 121/11

GAY male, 23, very good looking seeks similar for sincere relationships (over 21). BOX 121/12

SENSUAL SEX aids for a kinky klimate. 15p gets you a fully illustrated brochure. Wow! Birds & Bees. BOX 121/13

GIRLS wanted for modelling jobs. Standard pay and free composites. Ring 353-9510 for interview except Mondays.

YOUNG guy needs sexy chick for company on car trips. BOX 121/14

IF YOU like love, peace, music, write me: Peter Baglioni, via Radio, 80/1 39100 Bolzano (Italy)

SEEKING young Northern adventurous girl. Afternoon appointments. Midsage gent. Write with age/details. BOX 121/15

RECORD wanted, 1st, 13th floor elevators. Also US rock magazines (Cream, Fusion and early Rolling Stones, Crawdaddy) Tel' 622 1035

GERRY Murphy, please contact Sally.

IF YOU have ever experienced an hallucination of a whirlpool type force trying to absorb you, write to BM/ARE QRI, London WC1V 6XX

GUY (18) not a freak. Would like to meet lonely chick. Any age 16-60 in an alt but attempt to make me happy. Must like motor-cycles. Graham. BOX 121/16

ATTRACTIVE female photographer will photograph you for only £10. 20 shots in comfortable and quiet studio. Appointments only. 272 8033 noon-midnight.

GAY male art student wants gay friends. Photo please, all replies answered. BOX 121/17

BROADMINDED young photographer will photograph you for £6.95. Secluded and luxurious studio. 272 5068 noon-midnight.

PARTIES or private surprise for your guests with a costumed waiter/male stripper. Write Michael Jennings, 19 Newport Court, WC2

CALLING John Divine. Gypsy John Kovic, and other freaks. Phil Hardy is inside on daps charges. Have a stone 1972.

LEAD guitarist sought for soft acidrock group. Write/visit Paul Simon, 91 Essex Street, Halifax, Yorkshire. Also please inform Funny Farm, as they requested in IT/118 of the services, free of our rock band. We've currently had to reform, but should be happily blasting heads by Easter. I'll write again when it develops. Paul Simon.

FATS sympathises with all at "Aldenhorn" in "McGill". Stokes=lucking Nazi. Soy SMG. Always. Peace.

LONELY gay girl (25) seeking friendship with another. Please enclose photo. All returned. BOX 121/18

HIPPY Brian, I love you. I was in a messed up scene. Didn't want to hang you up. Please touch twisty trans. BOX 121/19

SEX partners magazine. Send 20p for copy and your own advert of 30 words free to go in next copy under Box number. AME, 160 Oval Road, East Croydon, Surrey

GAY literature: Come Together Sp. Come out 45p. A Gay Manifesto Sp and more from Agitprop, 244 Bathurst Green Road, London E20AA (please add postage).

CHEAP rehearsal rooms are available at £1.00 an hour at the Hope and Anchor pub, Upper Street, Islington. Phone 226 2283. Landlords name is Fred, and Neil from Blt sez it's dark, loud, good juke box, lots of food and nice landlord.

GUY, 35, North London wants urgent 18-20 blonde female secretary for pleasure. Experience not important. Please phone George 807 7707

DESPERATELY lonely sexually frustrated guy (34) seeks chick(s) with pad for companionship and love. Prepared to travel anywhere. Have car and bread. 992-3333. Ask for Tom, Flat 4, 6 pm-7pm

BROADMINDED young photographer will take photographs of you for £6.95. Comfortable and quiet studio. 272 5068 noon-midnight.

SCENE-the medium for people interested in people. Various interests, age groups. For current issue send 20p to Scene (+), 82 High Street, Harpenden, Herts.

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MALE only introductions. SAE to the Golden Wheel, Liverpool 15.

UNDER HILL Rehearsal studios, Blackheath Hill, Greenwich, SE10. Ring 601 1313 Wally any time.

BEAUTIFUL neurotic male, 26, skinny, trying to find compatible chick to co-habit in the country. Ultimate intention raising enough bread to start alternative style firm in USA. Write Trevor, 2 Whitely Cottages, Watling St, Hockliffe, Beds. (Please include pic).

GUY, 23, gay requires work. Anything considered. BOX 121/20

PHOTOGRAPHIC studio for hire. £2.00 per hour. J. Rolands, 104a Boundary Road London NW8 01 328 5757

ALMOST gay guy wanted: job on Canadian tobacco farm in summer -exhausting but good money. BOX 121/21

JOURNALIST, 29, wants girl with a mind and body. Photos returned. BOX 121/22

GUY (24) needs adventurous genuine chick as partner to explore group sex scene. Write for talk. No bread. BOX 121/23

GAY Male mags. Free (SAE) BM/FRGH,WC1

YOUNG guy (21) seeks chick 18-20. Has big pad and good sounds, etc. BOX 121/24

TALENTED goodlooking man (27) seeks beautiful lady (18-25) for lasting companionship, fulfillment. Sincere replies invited. Photo. BOX 121/25

SEE a "sexy" film made or help in its production? SAE to BOX 121/28

GAY GUY (26) seeks travel companion India or other parts of the world, somehow or other. All letters a newsworld. BOX 121/26

SHY hairy guy, 22, wants to meet sincere small shy hippy girl for friendship, festivals. Must be a genuine person. Leeds area. BOX 121/27

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GLASGOW continued from page six

wanted, even the religious battles that mark so much of the real problem in Ireland are breaking out in Glasgow. The people have to realise that the problem transcends age old religious differences. Another catalyst/umbrella type organisation is needed urgently to bring the alternative community and the people together again, possibly the role could be filled by Skell extending itself or by the White Panthers, one can only wait and hope. If things are sparked off in Glasgow, Scotland may have its own Ulster very soon, the barricades have been up once in the last three months, it could be just a start.

JOHN CARDING Co-ordinator White Panther Party UK

(I would like to thank Alex McCartney and the brothers and sisters of the Glasgow White Panthers for the invaluable assistance they gave to me while visiting Glasgow). JC.

WILLIE'S HOLIDAY continued from page seventeen

Voyage." Oh and he whistled us on. And we still have to sell the teshirts and maybe, ah fuggit, I was going to do some work. What was this crazy land coming to? Jerusalem. Strange things were happening. Steps were being taken and now I can't write any more-you understand-because the whole beauty and craziness of those lands were taking over, carrying up and away, bringing clear quiet light. And I'm back in London now, still recovering, dreaming, back to being in on down. More steps methinks.

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